

There for the Grace of God Go I: A Poem by Patrick Bruskiewich

There for the grace of God go I.
to step the fields, and crosses count
lay down your life for me!
but I shall not forget

The guns no longer speak
your youthful cries are din
you have not grown old, as we
but I shall not forget

Forgotten names and far off places
reasons long lost in time,
and me no sacrifice in kind
but I shall not forget

In air, at sea and on the ground
some battles won and some lost
progress made at too dear a cost
but I shall not forget

Primo no nocere, I am told
by those who won and now grow old
their wisdom alive here in my heart
but I shall not forget

Born a day long past
the wars that would not last
brothers now, no bone contend
but I shall not forget

There for the grace of God go I
to step the fields, and poppies pick
crimson red, reminders still
but I shall not forget